Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that haue the power
So to ſeduce; wonne to his ſhamefull luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene:
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whoſe loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whoſe naturall gifts were poore,
To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of Heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt.
Will ſort it ſelfe in a celeſtiall bed
And prey on garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſcent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard,
My cuſtome alwaies of the afternoone,
Vpon my ſecure houre, thy Vncle ſtole
With iuice of curſed Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmitie with bloud of man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſiluer it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the bodie,
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thinne and wholſome bloud; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant Tetter barkt about
Moſt Lazerlike with vile and lothſome cruſt
All my ſmooth bodie.
Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off euen in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Vnnuzled, diſappointed, vn-anueld,
No reckning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible.
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,

16 sent 35 Vnhuzled